

CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

ALL

NO.
14

WINTER
ISSUE

10¢

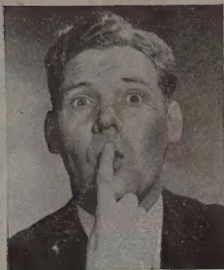
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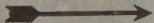
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SUB-MARINER

IN

TWENTY MILLION MISSING!



AT WEALTHY MRS. VAN SCHYLER'S FLORIDA ESTATE,
A PARTY HONORING THE MAHARAJA SHALMAR
TAKES PLACE...

PRINCE NAMOR,
RODDY VAN
SCHYLER!

HELLO, RODDY!
IT'S SWEET TO
KNOW YOU!

THANKS,
BUT THE HONOR
IS ALL MINE, YOU SEE,
I'VE LOOKED FORWARD
TO THIS MOMENT
FOR A LONG
TIME!

BETTY
AND I
ARE HERE
AS GUESTS
FOR THE
WEEK END!

GOOD! WONDERFUL!
PERHAPS YOU WILL
HAVE TIME TO TEACH
ME A FEW SWIMMING
TRICKS... NOW, I'VE
ALWAYS HAD TROUBLE
UNDERWATER WHEN...

OH, OH, TIME
FOR ME TO
JOIN THE
LADIES!

A LITTLE LATER...

THE MAHARAJA
SHALMAR!

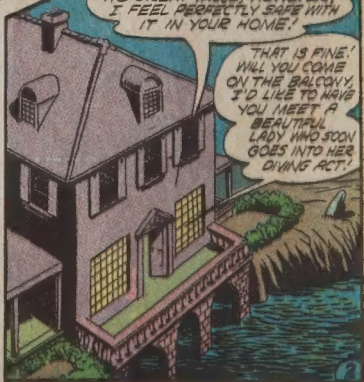
MRS. VAN SCHYLER,
THIS IS INDEED
ONE OF THE GREATEST
COMPLIMENTS EVER
BESTOWED UPON
THIS HUMBLE
ONE!

THANK YOU, MAHARAJA
YOUR GRACIOUS ACCEPTANCE
TO MY INVITATION HAS NEVER
BEEN EQUALLED... I SEE
YOU ARE WEARING THE
GREAT DIAMOND!

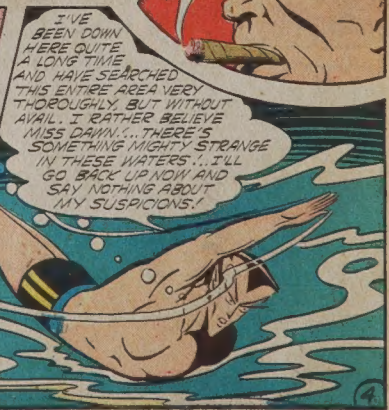
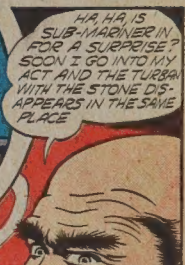
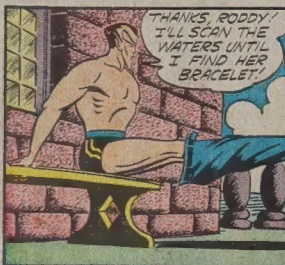
... I RARELY WEAR
THE STONE BECAUSE OF
ITS GREAT VALUE, HOWEVER,
I FEEL PERFECTLY SAFE WITH
IT IN YOUR HOME!

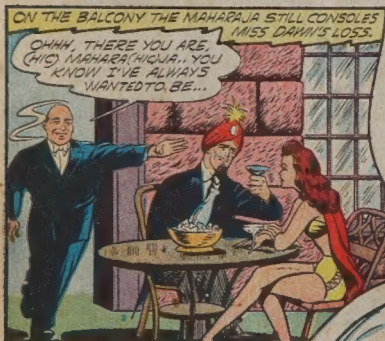
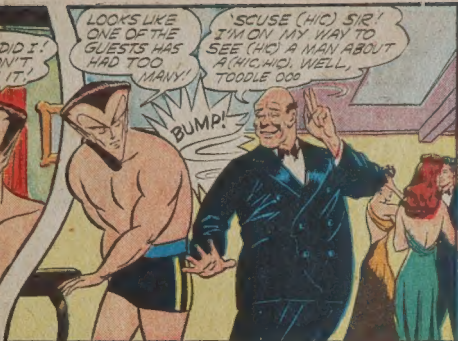
YES, MY HUMBLE
SELF IS DRESSED
WITH HIS FINEST
STONE, THE
PRICELESS
RADIN
DIAMOND!

THAT IS FINE!
WILL YOU COME
ON THE BALCONY,
I'D LIKE TO HAVE
YOU MEET A
BEAUTIFUL
LADY WHO SOON
GOES INTO HER
DIVING ACT!



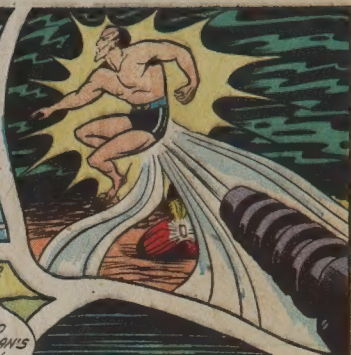




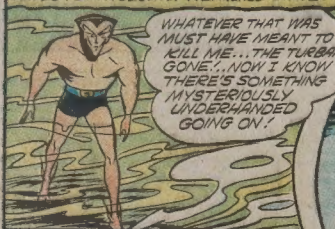




THERE IT IS
AHEAD! I GUESS THE
BRACELET IS HERE, TOO!
AND I JUST HAPPENED
TO MISS IT!

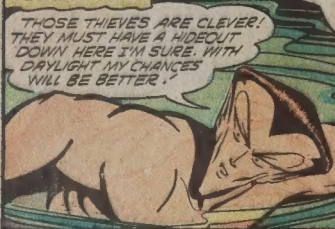


PARALYZED A FEW MOMENTS, SUB-MARINER
COMES TO IN A SLIGHTLY WEAKENED STATE.

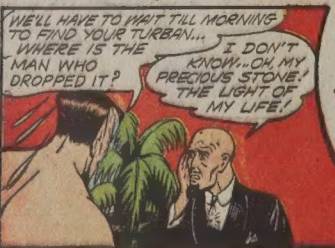


WHATEVER THAT WAS
MUST HAVE MEANT TO
KILL ME... THE TURBAN'S
GONE... NOW I KNOW
THERE'S SOMETHING
MYSTERIOUSLY
UNDERHANDED
GOING ON!

HOURS LATER...



THOSE THIEVES ARE CLEVER!
THEY MUST HAVE A HIDEOUT
DOWN HERE I'M SURE. WITH
DAYLIGHT MY CHANCES
WILL BE BETTER!



WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING
TO FIND YOUR TURBAN...
WHERE IS THE
MAN WHO
DROPPED IT?

I DON'T
KNOW... OH, MY
PRECIOUS STONE!
THE LIGHT OF
MY LIFE!



I'LL
REALLY COVER
A LOT OF THIS
TERRITORY AND
SEE WHAT I
CAN FIND!



THERE'S NOTHING
WE CAN DO TO RECOVER
THOSE JEWELS UNTIL TOMORROW
WHEN WE CAN SEND DOWN
SOME DIVERS

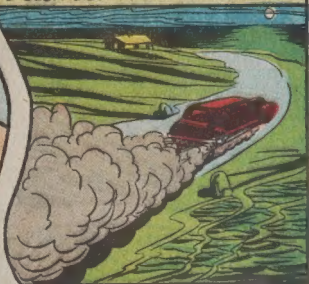
THANKS
(SOS)

MRS. VAN SCHYLER! PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD... IF YOU CAN ONLY TELL ME WHO THAT MAN WAS IT WILL HELP RETURN THE DIAMOND.* I HAVE AN IDEA HE WAS PUTTING ON AN ACT!

I DON'T KNOW, I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE! HE'S GONE!



AT THIS TIME A DARK SEDAN BEGINS TO SLOW DOWN AS IT NEARS A HUT..



REACHING THE HUT A FAMILIAR FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE CAR AND RAPS ON THE DOOR.

ONE SECOND, BOSS!



KNOCK! KNOCK!

YOU BOYS DID A GOOD JOB, BUT SOMEHOW I DOUBT THAT YOU GOT SUB-MARINER WITH ONLY A BLAST OF RAY... HE'S TOUGHER THAN YOU THINK!

OH, YEAH! HE SHRIVELED UP LIKE BURNING BACON!



I HOPE SO! WE'LL BE ON OUR GUARD FOR HIM ANYWAY! ... TOMORROW, WE GET THE MAHARAJA'S TWENTY MILLION DOLLAR CHEST OF JEWELS AT THE CENTRAL VAULT COMPANY NOW, HERE'S THE PLAN...



EARLY NEXT DAY.



I WON'T BE BACK UNTIL I CAN RETURN WITH THAT JEWELRY, S'LONG!



GOOD LUCK, PRINCE NAMORI!

A FEW HOURS LATER...

I'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT AND KEEP EXAMINING EVERY INCH OF THE OCEAN FOR SOME SIGN OF THEIR HIDEOUT!

OH, OH, A BARACUDA! AFTER A DIVER! HE HASN'T A CHANCE

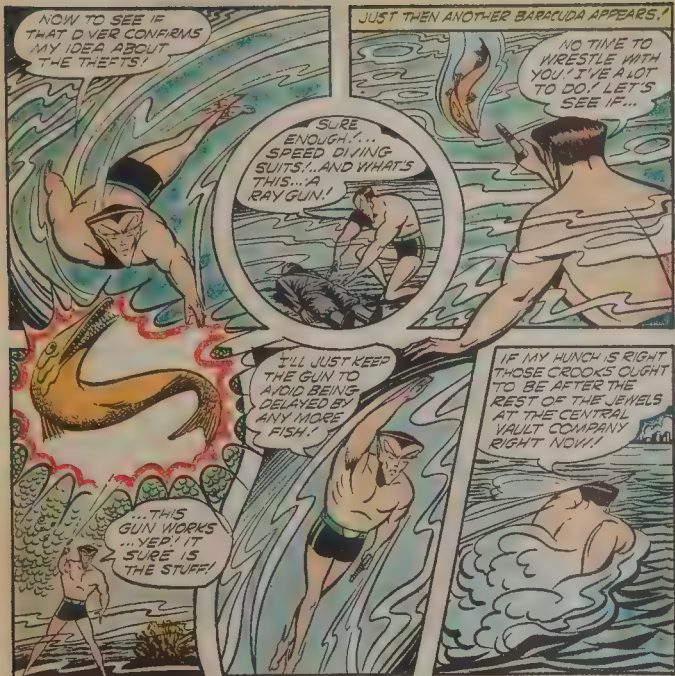
MAYBE TOO LATE!

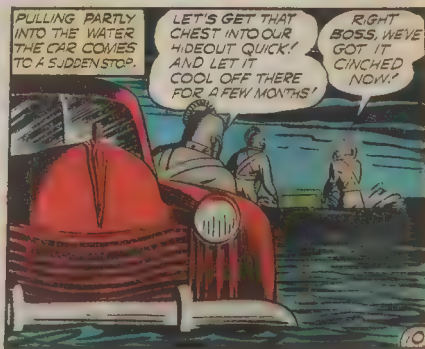
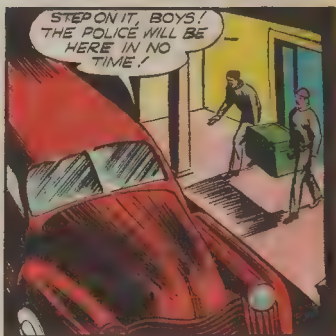
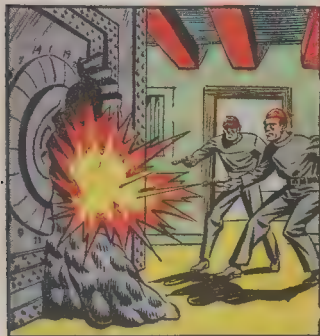
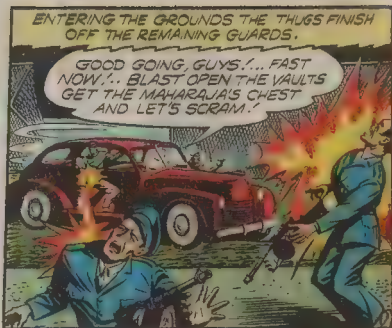
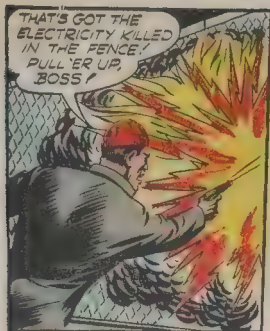
YEP, HE'S ALREADY TORN THE SUIT!

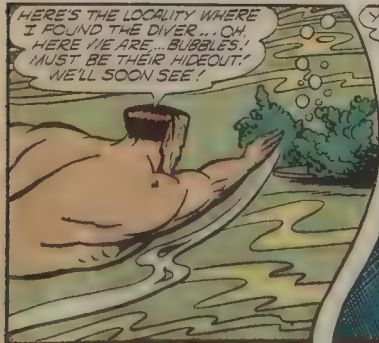
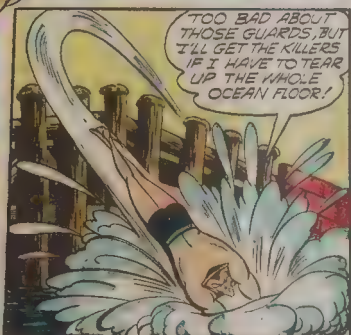
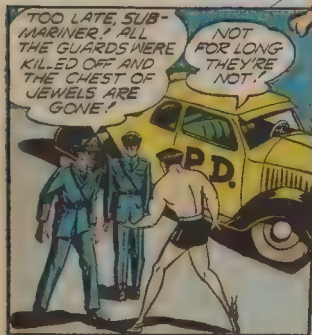
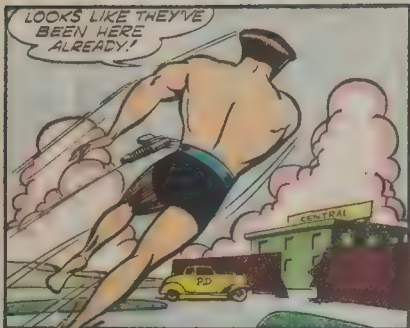
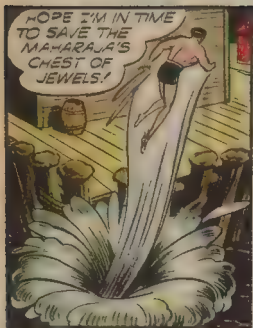
YOU BABIES ARE TOUGH! BUT I CAN ALWAYS GET YOU THIS WAY!

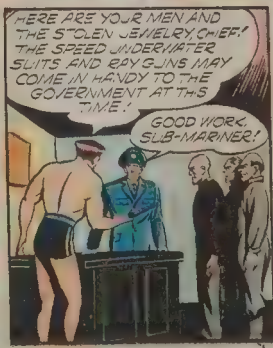
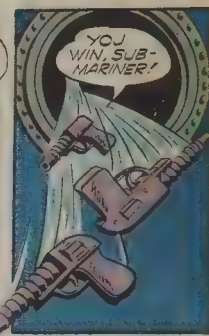
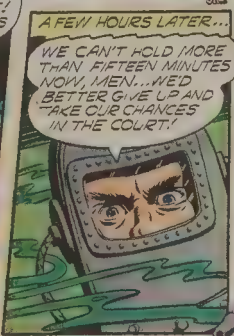
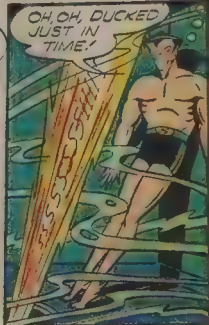
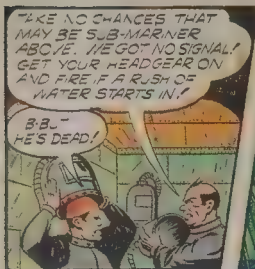
ALMOST LOST ME ON THAT TWIST, BARA-

CRACK!









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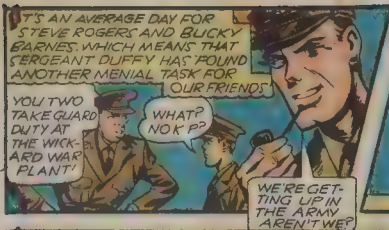
CAPTAIN AMERICA



MONSTRO! THE NAME ALONE BRINGS A SHUDDER! WHO CAN STOP THIS SUPER MONSTER-MAN, AS WITH STRENGTH AND CUNNING HE SPINS A DIABOLIC WEB OF INTRIGUE WITH HIS JIGSAW PUZZLES OF DOOM? BUT BEFORE MONSTRO SLIPS HIS FINAL FATAL PIECE INTO PLACE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY PUT TOGETHER THEIR OWN JIGSAW OF COURAGE... AS THEY

Battle

MONSTRO
THE MAD JAP

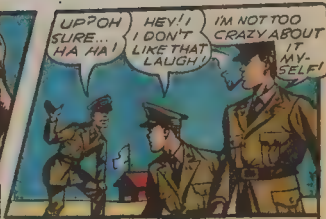


IT'S AN AVERAGE DAY FOR STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES, WHICH MEANS THAT SERGEANT DUFFY HAS FOUND ANOTHER MENIAL TASK FOR OUR FRIENDS

YOU TWO TAKE GUARD DUTY AT THE WICKARD WAR PLANT!

WHAT? NOK P?

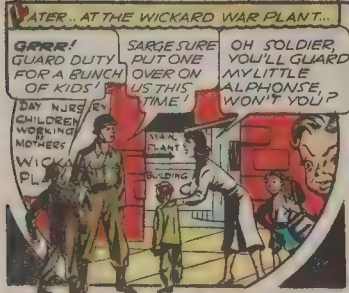
WE'RE GETTING UP IN THE ARMY AREN'T WE?



UPPOH SURE... HA HA!

HEY!! I DON'T LIKE THAT LAUGH!

I'M NOT TOO CRAZY ABOUT IT MY-SELF!

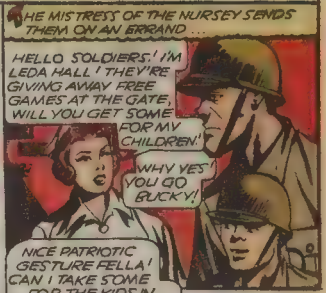


GARR! GUARD DUTY FOR A BUNCH OF KIDS!

SARGE SURE PUT ONE OVER ON US THIS TIME!

OH SOLDIER, YOU'LL GUARD MY LITTLE ALPHONSE, WON'T YOU?

DAY NURSE CHILDREN WORKING BY MOTHERS WICKARD WAR PLANT

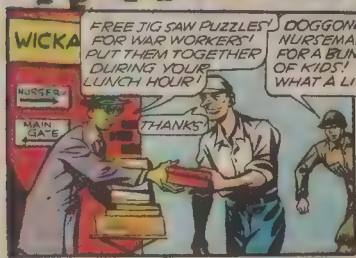


THE MISTRESS OF THE NURSEY SENDS THEM ON AN ERRAND...

HELLO SOLDIERS! I'M LEDA HALL! THEY'RE GIVING AWAY FREE GAMES AT THE GATE, WILL YOU GET SOME FOR MY CHILDREN?

WHY YES YOU GO BUCKY!

NICE PATRIOTIC GESTURE FELLA! CAN I TAKE SOME FOR THE KIDS IN THE NURSEY?

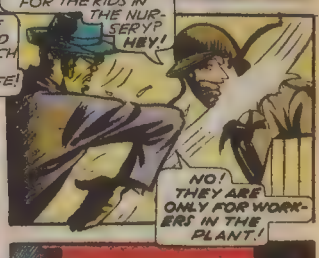


WICKARD WAR PLANT

FREE JIG SAW PUZZLES FOR WAR WORKERS! PUT THEM TOGETHER DURING YOUR LUNCH HOUR!

DOGGONE NURSEMAID FOR A BUNCH OF KIDS! WHAT A LIFE!

THANKS!

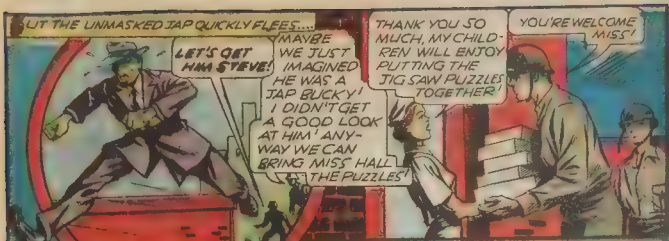


NO! THEY ARE ONLY FOR WORKERS IN THE PLANT!



I SAW THAT MISTER! WHY CAN'T MY FRIEND HAVE ONE OF THOSE FREE GAMES?

STEVE! LOOK! HE'S A JAP!



BUT THE UNMASKED JAP QUICKLY FLEES...

LET'S GET HIM STEVE!

MAYBE WE JUST IMAGINED HE WAS A JAP BUCKY! I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM! ANYWAY WE CAN BRING MISS HALL THE PUZZLES!

THANK YOU SO MUCH, MY CHILDREN WILL ENJOY PUTTING THE JIG SAW PUZZLES TOGETHER!

YOU'RE WELCOME MISS!

MEANWHILE THE GAME EVEN DOR REPORTS AT SECRET SPY HEADQUARTERS TO HIS SUPERIOR---MONSTRO!

O, GREAT MONSTRO, TWO SOLDIERS INTERFERED! TOOK SOME PUZZLES INTO NURSERY FOR CHILDREN!

FOOL! COULD YOU NOT PREVENT IT? IT IS BAD FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS TO SUSPECT OUR PLANS!

BUT TWO MERE SOLDIERS MEAN NOTHING! IT IS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY I REALLY FEAR! IN PREPARATION FOR THE TIME WE MEET I AM PUTTING TOGETHER THE JIG SAW PUZZLE OF THEIR DOOM!

BUT THOSE PUZZLES MUST BE RETRIEVED FROM THE NURSERY! LEST YOU BUNGLE AGAIN, I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

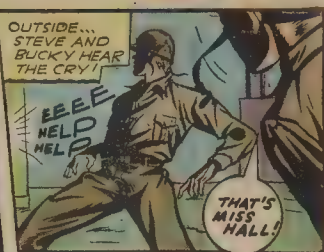
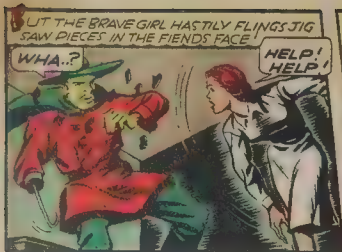
AND AS NIGHT SHADOWS FALL AND THE NURSERY EMPTIES OF CHILDREN----

THE LITTLE DARLINGS HAD SUCH FUN WITH THE JIG SAW PUZZLES TODAY! THEY'LL FINISH THEM TOMORROW!

THEY'LL NEVER FINISH THEM!

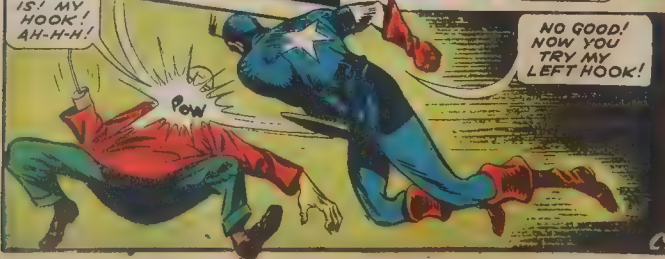
WH-WHO ARE YOU? I'LL SCREAM!

NO! MY PRETTY MY HOOK WILL REACH YOUR THROAT FIRST!



... AND WASTE NO TIME TAKING UP THEIR ROLES AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

AND SO MON-STRO STRIKES! YOU WILL NEVER KNOW THE SECRET OF THE JAPANESE JIG SAW PUZZLES!





HO HO! WE'LL MEET AGAIN CAPTAIN AMERICA, TO YOUR SORROW!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

IT WOULD BE A DARK NIGHT! CAN'T SEE A THING OUT THERE!

NO USE CHASING HIM BUCKY!



BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL ADD UP TO? FIRST CAME THE VENDOR AND NOW THIS MONSTRO-- BOTH SEEM TO THINK THESE JIG SAW PUZZLES VERY IMPORTANT!

AW GEE! DON'T CRY MISS HALL! IT WAS AN AWFUL SHOCK, BUT NOW HE'S GONE!

SOB! SOB!

THE SALT TEARS MUST HAVE BROUGHT UP THOSE INVISIBLE LINES! THEY ARE PART OF A DESIGN, I'LL PUT A FEW MORE PIECES TOGETHER!

...AND THEN BUCKY MAKES A DISCOVERY!

HEY CAP! LOOK! LINES ARE BEGINNING TO FORM ON THE BACKS OF THE JIG SAW PUZZLE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA QUICKLY PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER!

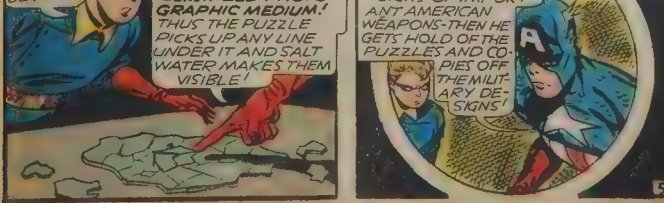


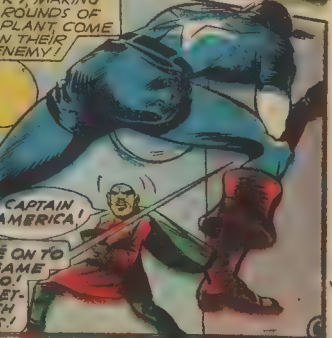
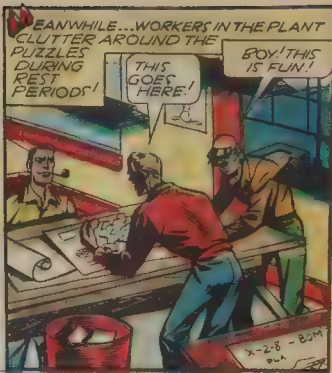
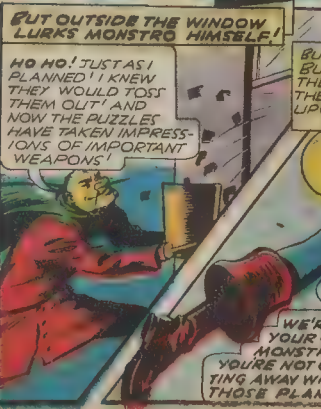
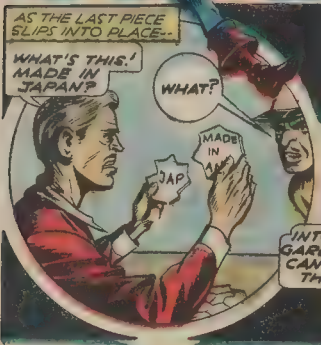
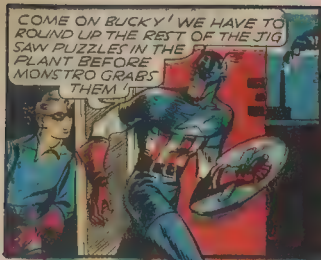
A KIDS DRAWING CAME UP, BUT WHY?

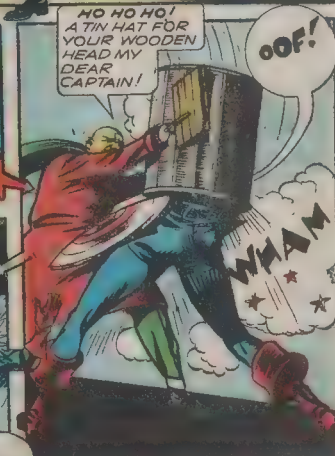
I THINK I SEE! THIS PUZZLE WAS PUT TOGETHER OVER THE CHILD'S DRAWING! THE UNDERSIDES OF THE JIG SAW PIECES ARE A SENSITIZED PHOTOGRAPHIC MEDIUM! THUS THE PUZZLE PICKS UP ANY LINE UNDER IT AND SALT WATER MAKES THEM VISIBLE!

GET IT BUCKY? MONSTRO SENDS FREE JIG SAW PUZZLES INTO THE PLANT-- THEY PICK UP DESIGNS OF IMPORT.

ANT AMERICAN WEAPONS-- THEN HE GETS HOLD OF THE PUZZLES AND COPIES OFF THE MILITARY DESIGNS!







BUCKY SORTS OUT THE JIG SAW PIECES

HM! WHERE HAVE I SEEN
THAT PICTURE BEFORE?
I'VE GOT IT! I SAW
THESE PUZZLES
DISPLAYED IN
THE WINDOW
OF A STORE
ON VASSY
STREET!

AND A SHORT WHILE LATER .

THERE IT
IS CAP! THE
SAME
SCENE!

RIGHT!
BUT
HOW TO
GET IN!

SHOP

JIG-SAW
PUZZLES

LET'S TRY
THE ROOF
BUCKY!

GOTCHA
CAP!

BUT MEANWHILE
INSIDE . . .

PERFECT! THE BLUE-
PRINTS OF THESE NEW
AMERICAN WEAPONS...
WHICH
I'LL SEND
TO TOKIO
AT
ONCE!

AND NOW I HAVE
TIME TO WORK ON
MY JIG SAW MAS-
TERPIECE!

I HAVE PLANNED THE DEATH
SCENE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY FOR A LONG
TIME AND I SHALL MAKE
IT HAPPEN VERY SOON
NOW!

GOOD! WE SHALL
MAKE SPORT WITH
AMERICAN SWINE!

YES-S!

WELL, HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE
TO TRY, MONSTRO!

CAPTAIN
AMERICA!

AT MONSTRO'S SIG-
NAL, HIS HENCHMEN
ADVANCE ON
CAPTAIN
AMERICA
AND
BUCKY

BUT THIS IS
PERFECT 'CAP-
TURE THEM
ALIVE MEN!

READY
BUCKY? WAHOO!

WITH ALL THE POWER OF
HUMAN CANON BALLS, CAP
AND BUCKY SMASH INTO
THE JAPS!

AIEE! IS
EARTHQUAKE!

FIRST WE TAKE 'EM
APART, THEN WE PUT 'EM
TOGETHER!

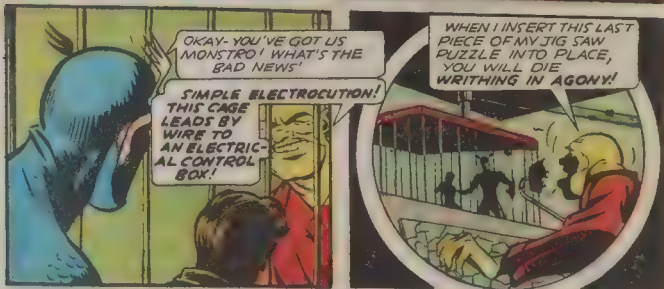
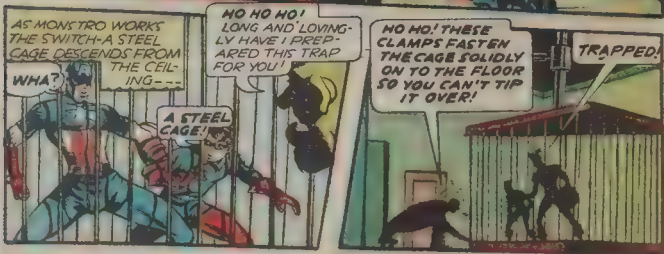
THEY CERTAINLY
MAKE AN INTER-
ESTING JIG SAW
PUZZLE!

WAHOO!
YIPE!

AAii

POW
BAM
ZOK

YOW



YOU SEE, MY MEN PREVIOUSLY PLANTED DYNAMITE CHARGES AT THE PLANT! WIRES FROM THERE LEAD HERE! **YOU AND THE PLANT WILL BOTH GO SKY HIGH!** YOUR WAR PLANT WILL NEVER PRODUCE THOSE WEAPONS, BUT OURS IN JAPAN WILL WHEN I DELIVER THOSE BLUEPRINTS!

LOOK CAP! HE'S PUTTING THE LAST PIECE INTO PLACE!

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS ONE TIME WE DIDN'T DO SO WELL!



AND THE FATAL PIECE OF THE JIG SAW OF DOOM FALLS INTO PLACE...

HO HO HO! HERE GOES MY TWIN KILLING!
HO HO HO!



...BUT THE TRAGEDY FAILS TO OCCUR!

WHA...? NOTHING HAPPENED! WHY HASN'T THE ELECTRICITY KILLED YOU?

WHEN! WHAT DO YOU THINK SAVED US?



AS MONSTRO INVESTIGATES, CAP LASHES OUT...

MUST BE A LOOSE CONNECTION, UGGGGGG!

I'VE GOT HIM BY THE THROAT BUCKY! QUICK, GRAB HIS KEYS!

YEAH, MAN!



OPEN CAP?

RIGHT!

THERE! THAT BREAKS THE CONNECTION TO THE DYNAMITE AT THE WAR PLANT!

BUT HERE COMES MONSTRO, WITH BLOOD IN HIS EYE!



RECOVERING, THE ENRAGED BEAST MAN OF NIPPON, ATTACKS FIERCELY!

ELECTRICITY HAS FAILED BUT MY HOOK WON'T!

CLANG!

DUCK BUCKY!

YEOW!

YOU BRAT! YOU HAVE NO SHIELD!

AS CAP STRIKES— THE IMPACT OF HIS BLOW DRIVES MONSTRO INTO THE ELECTRICAL SWITCHBOARD!

ONE SHIELD WILL DO FOR BOTH OF US RAT!

A SEARING HIGH VOLTAGE SEARS THROUGH THE IRON HOOK INTO THE DOOMED BODY OF MONSTRO!

YEOW! HE FELL AGAINST THE SWITCHBOARD!

LOOK CAP! HERE'S THE ANSWER! THAT FINAL PIECE DIDN'T SLIP INTO PLACE! IT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED US!

MONSTRO WAS SO BUSY GLOATING OVER HIS TRIUMPH, HE GOT CARELESS!

DEAD! BY HIS OWN HIDEOUS CONTRAPTION! BUT WHAT SAVED US BEFORE IN THE CAGE!

THE END.

HILL-BILLY TACTICS

FROM the screen of the woods Steve peered across the valley. There seemed to be nothing out there—nothing unusual, at any rate. Grass and flowers and the hot sunlight between drifting clouds.

"Nice," Steve murmured, turning back to where Eddie and Zeb waited. Zeb had sprawled his long body out on the ground, arms folded under his head. "Hey," Steve growled, "if the C.O. could see you now—"

"Hang the C.O.," Zeb growled, lifting his head to peer at his companions. "Trouble with you guys is you worry too much 'bout what people think. In this man's army—"

"You've caught blazes so often," Eddie chuckled, "I guess it doesn't make much difference."

"Never did," Zeb growled. "Shucks, if a guy can't be comfortable, what's the use of living?"

"You're in the army now," Steve pointed out.

Eddie moved uneasily, peering into the shadows of the woods. The sound of bird songs came to them, the hum of insects. "Some scout patrol," Eddie observed. "We're out looking for the other guy—"

Zeb sat up, removed his shoes, knotted the laces together, slung them over his shoulder. "Come on," he growled. "We'll git a-goin'. We'll work 'round to that hill yonder."

* * * * *

ZEB led the way, lanky body stooped as he moved along the trail winding uphill. Steve had to grin as he watched the tall mountaineer. He'd given the company more than one laugh, although it had been tough 'on Zeb more than once. He couldn't get used to sleeping under a netting. He "allowed" the "skeeters" wouldn't bother his tough carcass. He didn't like shoes and never passed up a chance to take them off. He stuck to army rules and regulations when anyone of importance was around. After that...

From the hill-top they could see up and down the valley for miles. Steve could see nothing, even through the field glasses. He looked at Eddie and Zeb.

"We can circle back to the west," Steve said. "If we keep moving, we can be back in a couple of hours. If we don't, we're going to get lost."

"We're goin' t'other way," Zeb announced grimly. "I jest seen a guy over on t'other side. Kind o' like to meet up with him. Didn't look friendly to me. Better we find him 'fore he does us."

"Where?" Steve and Eddie peered out, eyes searching the country spread out before them. Eddie snorted, "There's no one out there."

Zeb turned to stare at the speaker with mildly surprised blue eyes. "You couldn't see nothing

effen it was at the tip of your nose," he observed quietly. "Danged good thing I'm along."

* * * * *

STEVE felt excitement inside him. He hadn't seen anything out of the ordinary. Of course, Zeb's eyes might be keener. Zeb had always claimed he could see things no one else could. For that matter, he usually patted himself on the back for a lot of his out-of-the-ordinary attributes. But to the rest of the company, there'd never been anything startling in what Zeb did, unless it was to take off his shoes and go around in bare feet.

Once again Zeb led the way, long legs carrying him up the hill tirelessly. Later the trail dipped down into a valley and near the bottom, the air became cool and sweet smelling. It had clouded over. Rain was not far off. As they moved along Steve felt uneasiness quickening inside him. It was almost as if they were being watched. And still peering into the darkening shadows of the woods he could see nothing.

The trail led across a small clearing. Halfway to the other side, Eddie suddenly cried out softly and his body started to crumple! The sound of a muffled shot sounded from the hills.

"Zeb!" Steve yelled. "Look out—"

Zeb's lanky body exploded into action. "Duck, son!" he snarled. "Into the woods!"

Swiftly he snatched up Eddie's wilted body, whirled and flung himself across the clearing. Once more there was the muffled sound of a shot, but they reached the covering of the woods in time.

Calmly Zeb worked down into a gully. Over in a niche under the brow of a cliff, he put Eddie down on the ground, tore the clothing away from his leg.

"Not bad," Zeb growled. "Here, Stevie. You can take care of Eddie while I go look for that dirty varmint!"

It wasn't too bad, but Eddie would need a doctor's care, Steve discovered. Eddie stared up into the gathering shadows of evening over them. Rain was pattering softly into the leaves.

"It—kind of took the wind out of my sails," Eddie said between clenched teeth. "What're we going to do next?"

"Wait till Zeb gets back," Steve answered. "Then get out of here... if we can. I don't mind admitting I don't know where we are right now. Zeb's got me all tangled up—"

"And he's off somewhere looking for the guy who plugged me. What if he doesn't come back? What if the other guy sees him first? What if Zeb gets—shot?"

Steve steadied himself, forced a grin. "We'll get back, but it's going to be tough for you. Walking is out... Ah, here comes Zeb!"

The lanky mountaineer moved swiftly toward them, his face grim and hard, his eyes alert.

"Couldn't find hide nor hair of anyone," he admitted, crouching down. "How's Eddie?"

"Okay," Eddie answered. "You know where we are, Zeb?"

* * * * *

THE big man nodded. "Reckon so. We've gotta do something about the varmint who plugged you." His eyes burned with an angry blue light. "He's right here in the hills somewheres. I ain't going back till I bag 'em. So we'll have to bunk here a while."

"Eddie needs a doc," Steve warned. "He can't stay here long. It'll be raining in here later. Down in this gully—"

Zeb crawled away. A moment later light flickered down the gully a ways. Peering through the gently falling rain, Steve saw Zeb had started a fire out of twigs and branches. Steve started forward anxiously—

Swiftly Zeb came back, crouched down beside them. "It ain't gonna help you none, Eddie," he growled. "You just keep covered up warm and try to rest. Here's my jacket." Zeb grinned as he spread it over the wounded man. "Never liked the danged thing nohow. Now you two just stay put till I git back—"

"If there's a sniper around," Steve snarled suddenly, "he'll be sure to see the fire and know where we are. Are you crazy?"

"Mebbe," Zeb chuckled. "You two stay put till I come back."

* * * * *

THE dark quickened and later the fire went out. Steve felt relieved, as he crouched on the ground, rifle in hand, listening to the sound of the wind, the patter of rain. They were sheltered in here, but it was damp, chilly. Once a twig snapped off in the woods and instantly Steve's tired body jerked into alertness. Cautiously he moved out into the gully, along it and back. He could see nothing, heard now only the patter of rain, the restless passing of the wind.

Eddie slept fitfully and his forehead was hot. Zeb didn't come back, and uneasiness grew inside Steve. He didn't dare sleep, although he could have without any effort. Later in the night Eddie's fever seemed to break and he finally slept soundly.

At last grey light crept into the gully, and a little later, Zeb came up the gorge to them, trailing a couple of saplings behind him.

"We've gotta make a stretcher for Eddie," Zeb said grimly. "Then we'll start back."

"What happened?" Steve stood up, stretched cramped legs. His eyes felt bloodshot, tired.

"I dunno yet," Zeb admitted. "We'll see later."

They got the litter ready and shifted Eddie gingerly onto it, started out of the gully. The trail wound uphill slowly. The earth under foot was soft and their steps made no sound, but Steve kept

a close watch ahead of him. They rounded a bend, and abruptly he stopped short, staring.

Something was hanging there before him—a body swinging slowly in the wind and rain, suspended by a thin rope running up into the stooped top of a heavy sapling—

"Hey!" Steve cried hoarsely. "Look, Zeb. Hanging there—"

"Push on," Zeb ordered in a growl. "That's the guy who plugged Eddie. Musta been sneaking along this trail into the gully. Probably saw the fire or mebbe smelled the smoke. That was the bait I used. He was after us when he ran into trouble!"

"Trouble!" Eddie repeated, twisting his head to stare at the thing swinging slowly in the wind. "You mean—"

"I used to snare all kinds of varmints back home," Zeb growled, as they pushed on along the trail. "It ain't something you learn in the army, but it come in mighty handy last night!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF
MAY 3, 1909, AND MARCH 3, 1907

of All Newspapers Printed and Published Weekly at Meriden,
Conn. for the month of September 1944

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

I, Robert A. Nelson, Publisher, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the Western Evening Post, published weekly at Meriden, Conn., for the month of September 1944, as required by the Act of Congress of May 3, 1909, and the Act of Congress of March 3, 1907, and that the same is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

I, Martin Goodman, Managing Editor, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the Western Evening Post, published weekly at Meriden, Conn., for the month of September 1944, as required by the Act of Congress of May 3, 1909, and the Act of Congress of March 3, 1907, and that the same is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

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The

THE TWIST AND HIS MOB OF MURDEROUS CUT-THROATS PIT THEIR CUNNING AGAINST THE LIGHTNING-LIKE WITS AND SPEED OF JACK ROBINSON, BETTER KNOWN AS THE ---WHIZZER, KING OF SPEED---

IN THE

"KIDNAPPER'S FOLLY"



INSIDE AN ABANDONED FARM HOUSE, NEAR MID-TOWN...

YEAH! IF IT WASN'T FOR ONE THING, I AIN'T AE FORGESSING DA WHIZZER!

OBSERVE GENTLEMEN, THIS DIAGRAM! THE COMPLETE LAY-OUT OF THE MELTON ESTATE! FOLLOW IT CLOSELY AND WE CANNOT FAIL!

IT LOOKS SLICK, TWIST! THIS SNATCH SHOULD BE A CINCH.

SAY, LUGGER'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!

I'M AWARE OF THAT, AND I HAVE MADE THE NECESSARY STEPS! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS...

...AND THAT SAME EVENING AS MELTON LOARD PREPARES TO RETIRE....

MARSTER...
OOOOOOOO

WHAT'S THIS? RELEASE ME INSTANTLY!

SHUT UP, OR YOUR NAME IS MUD!

WE GOT THE OLD BIRD! NOW WHAT?

THROW HIM IN THE CAR! WE'LL DRIVE HIM TO THE FIELD WHERE THE PLANE IS HELD READY FOR US! GLIB, YOU'LL PUT THE SECOND PART OF OUR PLAN INTO EFFECT THE PART DEALING WITH THE WHIZZER!

SOME MINUTES LATER IN A MID-TOWN TELEPHONE BOOTH....

I GOT A HOT TIP FOR YOU, WHIZZER! TWIST AN' HIS MOB JUST SNATCHED MELTON LOARD! THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR A PLANE THEY GOT WAITIN' AT THE OLD POLO GROUNDS! SO LONG, WHIZZER! OLE PAL!

...AND IN JACK ROBINSON'S APARTMENT, A LIGHTNING CHANGE, AND....

THE OLD POLO GROUNDS EH? THAT'S TWENTY MILES OUT ON THE SHORE ROAD! QUITE A JAUNT... EVEN FOR THE WHIZZER!

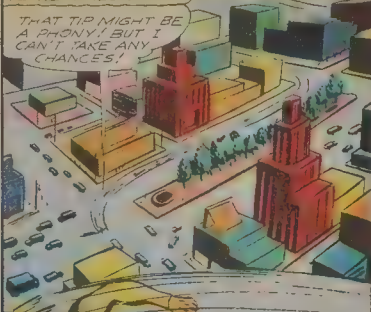
MEANWHILE AT THAT VERY SAME MOMENT, THE ST AND HIS MOB HAVE REACHED THE FIELD AT THEIR VOT V...!

NOW REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, IF WE'RE GOING TO BEAT THE WHIZZER AT HIS OWN GAME, SPEED! WE'VE GOT TO HAVE PERFECT TIMING! ARE YOU READY?



WHILE THE WHIZZER IS SPEEDING TOWARDS THE FIELD... CAN HE MAKE IT BEFORE THE PLANE TAKES OFF?

THAT TIP MIGHT BE A PHONY! BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!



HI, WHIZZER! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

SO I SEE!



SO LONG, WHIZZ, BE SEEING YOU SOMETIME! HA-HA-HA!

I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO STOP YOU, BUT JUST TRY TO SHAKE ME OFF! YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN FOR FUEL SOME TIME!

...AND AS WHIZZER FOLLOWS THE PLANE...

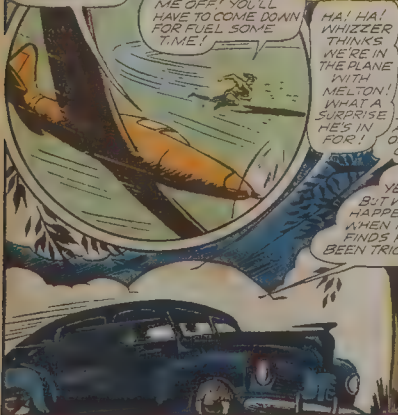
HA! HA! WHIZZER THINKS WE'RE IN THE PLANE WITH MELTON! WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S IN FOR!

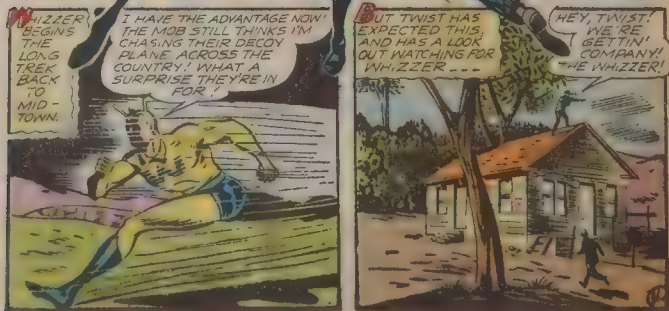
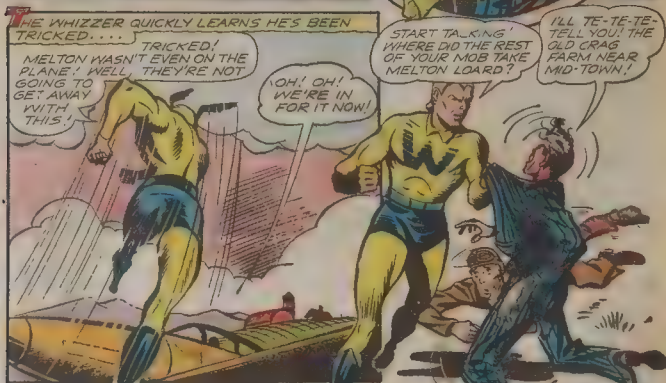
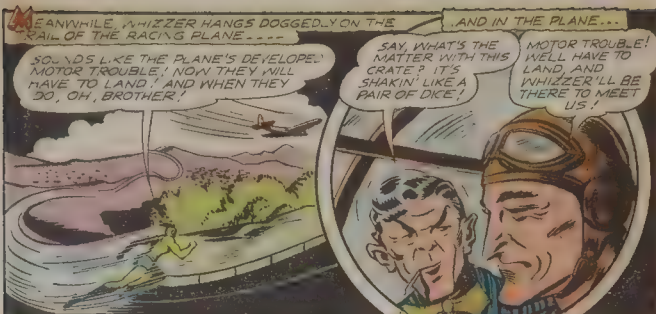
AMUSING, EH? LEAVE IT TO ME TO OUT-THINK HIM! WHILE HE'S CHASING THE PLANE WE'LL BE AS SNUG AS A BUG IN OUR HIDE-OUT!

I'VE PREPARED FOR THAT ALSO! MEANWHILE WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO ARRANGE FOR MR. LORDS' ER RANSOME! I'VE SETTLED ON A HUNDRED THOUSAND AS THE FIGURE!

WHEW! A HUNDRED THOUSAND BERRIES! WE'LL LIVE ON PLUSH FOR A LONG TIME WITH THAT!

YEAH! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE FINDS HE'S BEEN TRICKED?





AND WHAT A RECEPTION IT IS... FOR AS WHIZZER TRIES TO ZOOM THRU THE OPEN DOOR OF THE FARMHOUSE HE'S ENTANGLED IN A FLEXIBLE SHEET OF TRANSPARENT MATERIAL...

YOU GRINNING MONKEY'S! I'LL - HEY....?



WELCOME, MY IMPETUOUS FRIEND! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

WELL WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE!



YOU ARE STAYING RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! IN FACT IT WILL BE YOUR PERMANENT ABODE! ONE MUST EAT TO LIVE YOU KNOW AND YOU ARE HARDLY IN A POSITION TO HELP YOURSELF....



SOMETIME LATER, THE CONTACT MAN ARRIVES WITH THE RANSOM MONEY AND THE MOB PREPARES TO LEAVE...

GO ON! YOU INTEREST ME STRANGELY!

MEANWHILE, WE WILL COMPLETE THE RANSOM ARRANGEMENTS! THE CONTACT MAN WILL BE HERE ANY MOMENT AND WE'LL HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO MAKE THE NINE O'CLOCK PLANE TO MEXICO!

OKAY, TWIST, C'MON YOU!

THE MONEY'S ALL HERE! TAKE LOARD AND HIS CONTACT MAN OUT TO THE CAR! WE'LL DROP THEM IN THE STICKS ON OUR WAY TO THE AIRPORT... THEY'LL NEVER FIND THEIR WAY BACK HERE!

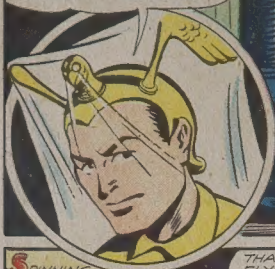


TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY AND KEEP YOU COMPANY! BUT OUR PLANE IS WAITING AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO MISS IT, WOULD YOU?

HA! HA! NOW WHO'S BEING AMUSING?



SO I HAVE THREE MINUTES TO GET OUT OF THIS FLY-TRAP AND CATCH THOSE CROOKS? I WONDER...



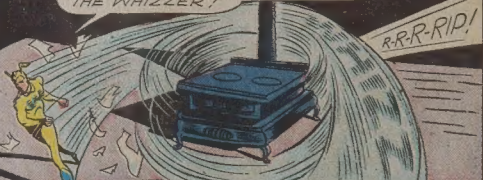
WHIZZER MANAGES TO GAIN HIS FEET----

NOW LET ME SEE... I CAN'T WALK! I KNOW, I CAN WHIRL LIKE A TOP AND---



SPINNING LIKE A TOP, WHIZZER WHIP-WHIRLS AROUND THE SHARP CORNERS OF THE STOVE IN THE CABIN! THERE IS A RIP AND---

THAT DOES IT AND NOW, MY FAST FLYING FRIENDS, WATCH OUT FOR THE WHIZZER!



MEANWHILE, TWIST AND HIS MOB ARE BOARDING A PAN-AMERICAN CLIPPER...

BOYS, WE CAN REALLY CELEBRATE NOW! PLENTY OF MONEY AND MEXICO WAITING FOR US! AH, MEXICO, LAND OF DARK-EYED SENORITAS! WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, GLIB?

DUNNO! I HEAR A BUZZIN' SOUND! ALMOST LIKE THE---



WHIZZER!

SURPRISED TO SEE ME, TWIST, OLD BOY? I JUST DROPPED IN TO PAY A LITTLE DEBT! THIS IS FROM ME TO YOU!

AND I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO RETIRE!

YOU WILL! BUT THE STATE, NOT, MELTON LORDS RANSOM, WILL PAY YOUR EXPENSES!



THE END

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